



## Men and Grandchildren

Star Angelina Murray

Speak to us, because we are not politics.  
Men with hats, take us to where you are disgraced, removed, and isolated.  
Men, you are publicly prodded; with so much violation, your bodies endure  
caves of pain.  
These caves scream out from your grandchildren's dreams.

Through the twenties, thirties, forties and on to the sixties; oh generations, how  
painful these lies continue.  
Men, your memories are repeating.  
You were fumigated and sprayed with DDT.  
Recall your humiliation.

Grandchildren, we must learn the locale of our discontentment.  
Let us emancipate hate out of ourselves, grandchildren.  
Recover what we lost.  
Let us center love on the dirt we come from.  
Our ancestors, our residue, these are the memories layering and folding upon  
ourselves.  
Our colonized cathexes will not kill coercion one by one.

Nations define men. These bodies artifice ignore your worth, men.  
And citizens calculate your life into dollars and piecework.  
The laws package dangerous ideas.  
Masters ignore you, philosophizing about your profits or a perceived lack thereof.  
But you are Men with hats.

Grandchildren, men, let us say it.  
Commerce, the government, consuls, growers associations, labor councils; all of  
them ignore your life, your thoughts, your family, your papers.  
The unions ignore you, or sometimes they beat you until you die.

The courts, the bosses, Citizens—with their protections: ignore you.

The tents ignore you.

Their transportation, your transportation ignores you.

The food is rotting in your mouths. The food you pick isn't yours.

Men with hats, your wages, money well, that ignores you too.

Men with hats, your children and your grandchildren, through your great grandchildren; tell us your life stories so that you can take us back to when you spoke with different words, when you worked for yourselves, when you were with your kin, when you were men. Grandchildren, we loving can recover ourselves with dirt that is ours to keep.

Men, let us hear about when you promised your support to the cause, but the unions never promised their support back. Even when you were men with hats, they never promised their love back. When the dirt knew you existed, will you speak to us? Take us back, so that we can see your grace, so we can see our own.